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VOL 13 NUMBER 8

KNAVE

85p

KNAVE TALKS TO BLUE MOVIE STAR DARBY LLOYD RAINS

VINTAGE EROTICA UNEARTHED

THE ORIGINS OF BAWDY BALLADS

SIX EYE-POPPING GIRLS

PLUS

THE BEAUTIFUL BEGINNER

THE SEXUAL ATTRACTIONS OF HAIR:
What's all the fuzz about?

Andrea

Photographed by R. B. Kane

Surname: Oh, please don't tell anyone.
Bust: 36. I prefer them swinging loose, you know.
Waist: 26.
Hips: 37.
Height: 5' 11". I've got very long legs, don't you think so?
Weight: 135.
Sun Sign: Pisces. I cry a lot.
Place of Birth: Milton Keynes. But I don't live there now. I moved away.
Occupation: Off licence cashier.
Erotic preferences: Almost anything that involves keeping my stockings on. Very slow all-over tongue treatment. My feet being tickled, my earlobes nibbled.
Bad Habits: Leaving the cap off the toothpaste tube. No others I can think of.
Attitude to Nude Modelling: Very exciting. I've always wondered what I'd be like as a stripper. Can I keep my stockings on?

Gail

In a remote French chateau, Gail is busy doing her own thing with a thin loaf of bread and some leather upholstery. She's 24 years old, has a rich boyfriend she rarely sees, enjoys sex in the open air and seriously regrets that her breasts are not slightly bigger than they are. (Spontaneous guess: 34").

Staring somewhat intensely at Gail's shape as a whole, the editor cannot help thinking this mammary quibble only assumes the proportions of a piece of plankton, ie., chiefly microscopic. The instant he clapped eyes on her body, his libido came off the handbrake, double de-clutched and shot straight into top.

Photographed by Brian Anderson

GEMMA

Pearls, white suspender straps, luminous lipstick, milk-chocolate breasts, silver stilettoes and a fire down below... these are but a few of her favourite things. Maybe this isn't how the song goes, but melodies like that are really out of their depth when applied to Gemma, a girl who makes Little Bo Peep sound like an overcooked lamb-chop being hurled into a black bin-liner.

Gemma has class too. Her breasts are ripe at 37". Her waistline is calorie-controlled at 24". And her hips jiggle at a steady disco beat of 78 revs per minute. Her body temperature (to conclude) is 98.4 degrees. What's yours?

Photographed by R. B. Kane

GEMMA

KNAVE

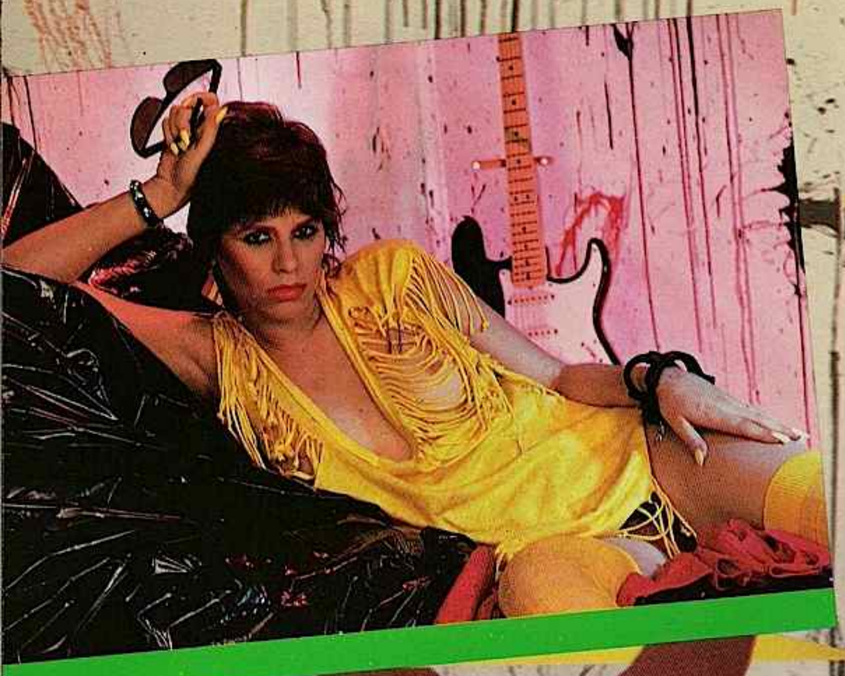
MAGAZINE

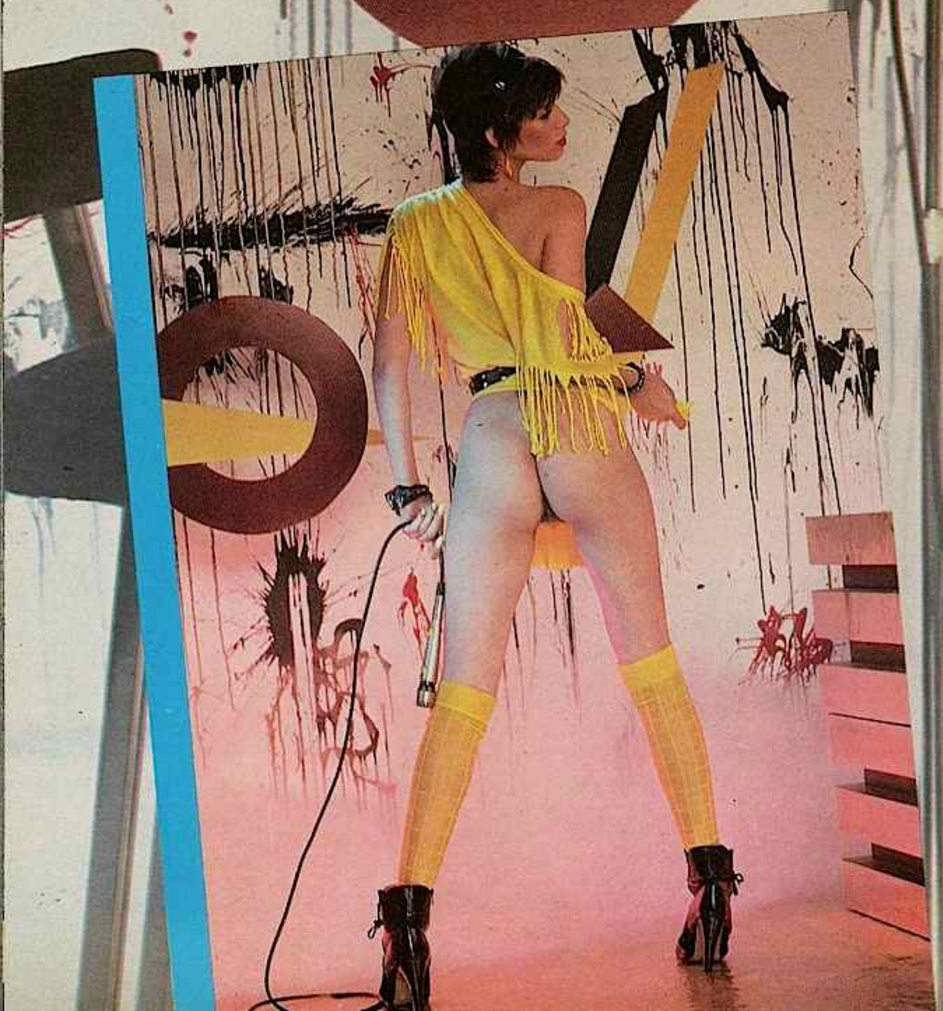
LES PAUL

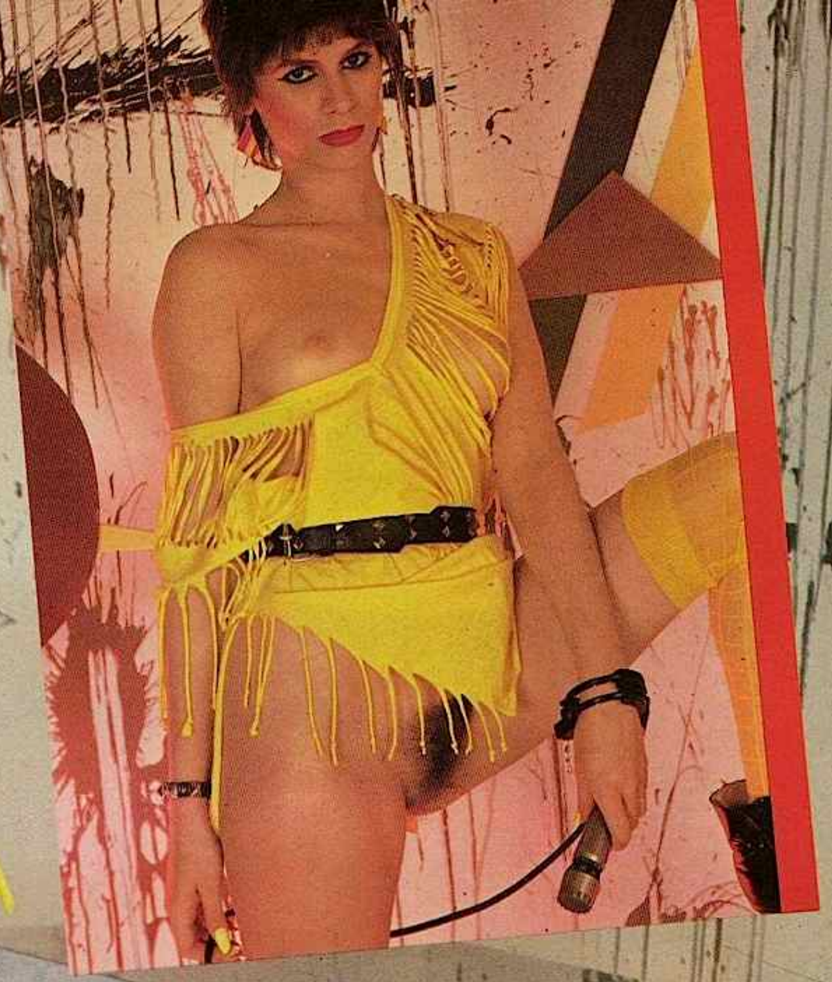
So you thought The Nolans were the sexiest thing in pop music, huh? Think again. This is Les Paul, named after her disturbingly phallic guitar. You can find her out stage-front displaying most, if not all, of her 36-24-36 body in smoke-filled, sleazy downtown clubs in London and Liverpool, New York and L.A.—right across the country on Route 66. And singing is only just a part of her act.

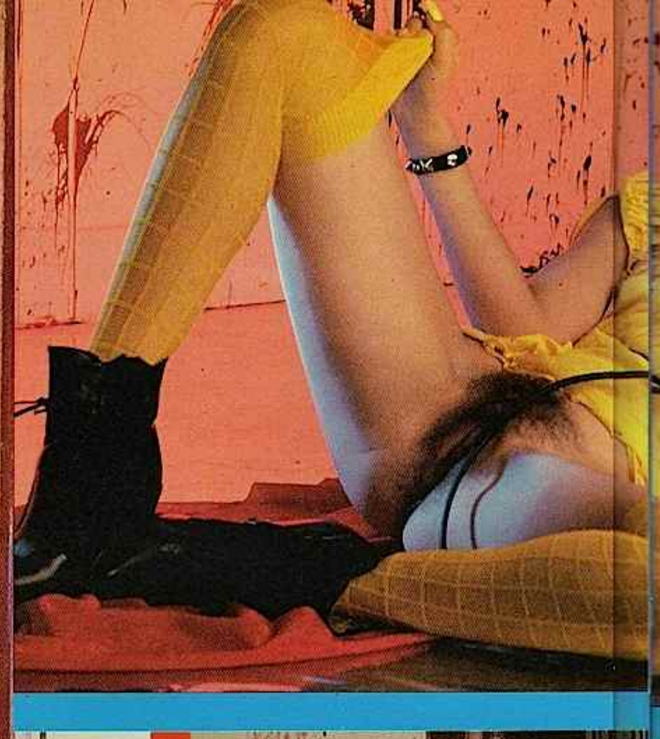
"You gotta get one thing straight", she drawls. "It's *rock* music, not pop. I get my rocks off doing it, see? Being up there on stage just makes me so horny, it's sexier than sex... almost. You can do all sorts of rude things with a guitar neck, and as for that microphone—need I go on?" Not really. The message comes across, loud and clear.

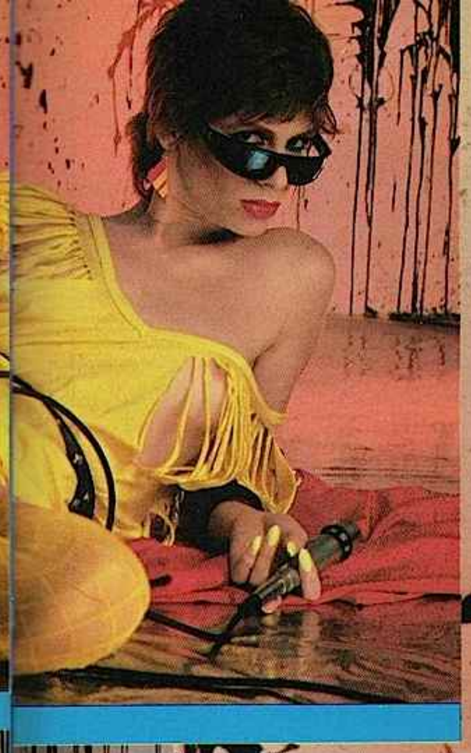
Photographed by Stephen Hicks

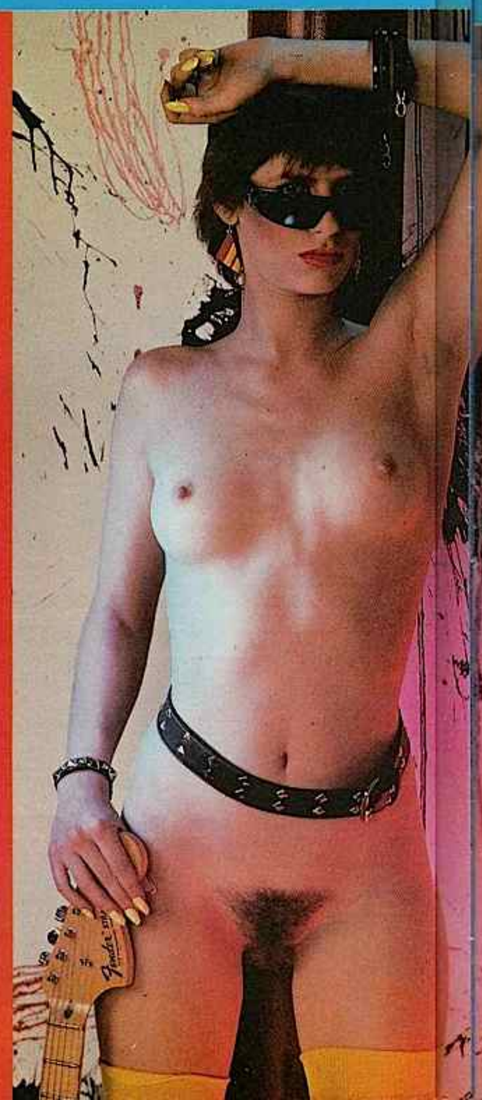












Paula Gillespie

ANOTHER NEW LADY TO THE LENS

Paula Gillespie came alone. She had decided against an escort. She wasn't the least perturbed when she saw me taking notes and asked whether it was only her sex life I was interested in. "Not at all", I said, a little stunned by role reversal and candour. "Liar", she said, without emphasis. "OK, are you ready for this?" (I tried to nod but wondered if my neck muscles were up to it). "I'm 27, I've got a good compact body that enjoys early morning runs in the park, tight fitting clothes and, yes, fucking too. I've liked it ever since the first time. But only if the man I fancy is prepared to take his time. Let's be reasonable about this. You hardly go into the Savoy and devour six courses, including smoked salmon and peach melba, in the space of two minutes, do you? Your digestion wouldn't take it. Well, nor will I".

I'm afraid there was much more to this rivetting monologue than what you see here, but my tape deck's in for repairs and I never learned shorthand.

Photographed by David Paul

Shelby

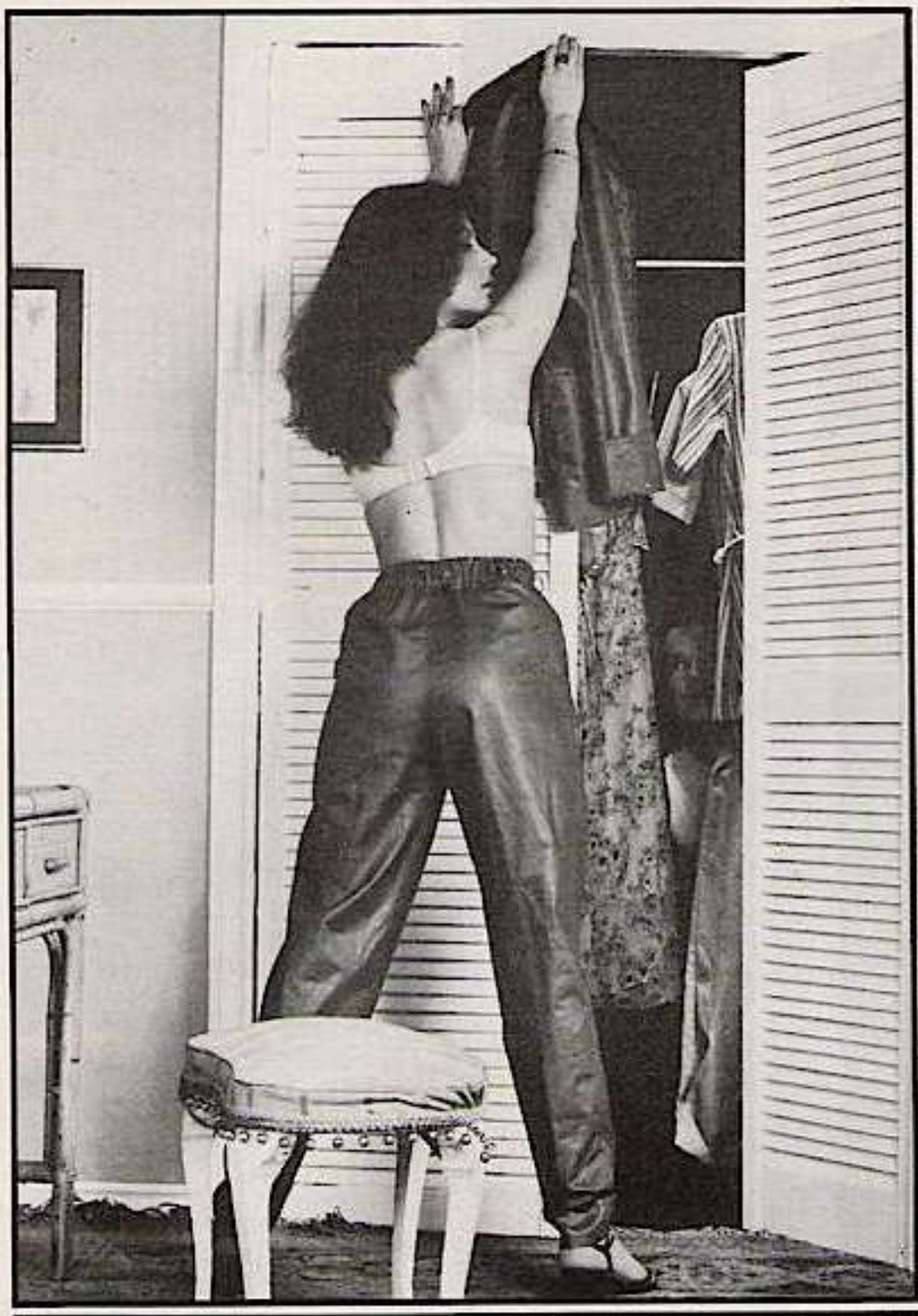
Shelby, fortunately, is nothing like as unusual as her name. So long as no-one considers that interests as diverse and exhaustive as riding high capacity motorcycles, ice skating and frequent bouts of multi-variety sex are unusual, that is. Ice skating? "It keeps my figure" (an easily handled eyeball-busting 36-24-38) "in good condition for more important activities", she smiles enigmatically. More important? "Why, sex, of course", exclaims Shelby, opening those brown eyes just a little wider. What could be more important than that? Nothing springs to mind...

Photographed by Stephen Hicks

The Lady Undresses

The photo session begins without incident. The lady modelling chic track-suits is very co-operative. And then, without warning, the man on camera number 1 spots a shady UFO in the cupboard, slightly boggle-eyed at the prospect of a flesh scenario. A lot of whispering goes on. (Who *is* he? What the hell's he doing behind the clothes rail? Did she invite him or *what?*)

Exclusive photography by Lord Everest



The person least ruffled by this unexplained presence is the lady herself. Garments are peeled off one by one and still there's not a flicker of alarm, shock or recognition even. Soon she is down to a suspender strap and stockings... then nothing at all. But as the strip comes to an end, so does the guest's consciousness. A resounding *thud* as he hits the deck. He's probably never had it so good, and now perhaps he'll never have it at all.